

**BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY**



Th. C. v. c.

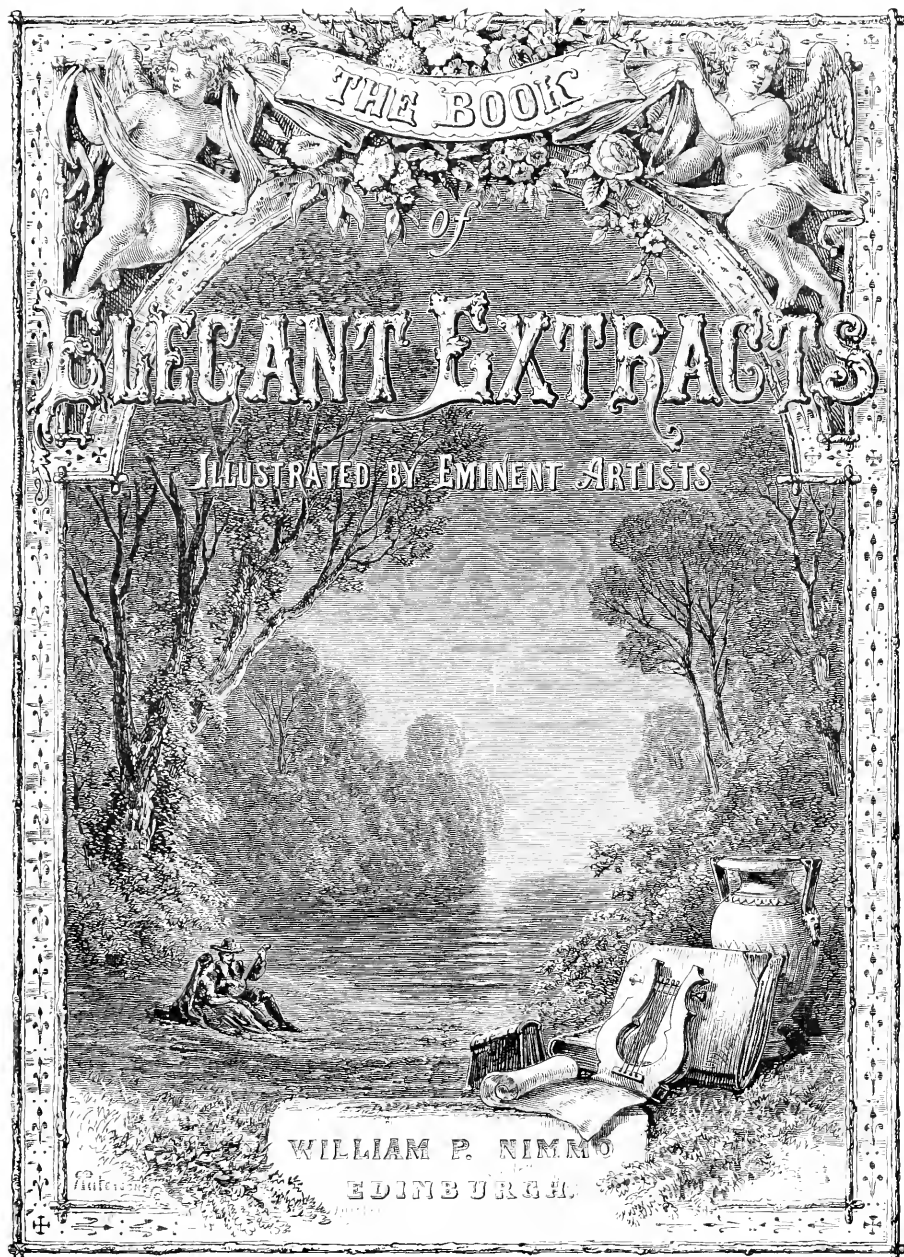
August 1871



THE
BOOK OF ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

"This field is so spacious, that it were easy for a man to lose himself in it : and if I should spend all my pilgrimage in this walk, my time would sooner end than my way."

Bishop Hall.



THE BOOK

of

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

ILLUSTRATED BY EMINENT ARTISTS

WILLIAM P. NIMMO

EDINBURGH.

A BOOK of Elegant Extracts bears its own recommendation in its title. As a commonplace-book of selections from the writings of the great authors whose names adorn English literature, it must ever be a welcome guest to those who have a spare hour, or who desire to pass an interval of leisure pleasantly and profitably. No particular plan has been pursued in the arrangement of this volume. The value of such a book lies rather in the choice, than the order, of its matter: and if, as it is hoped, the former be approved, the disregard of the latter may be found to afford a not displeasing variety. Perhaps no better word could be spoken for a collection like the present, than this of Coleridge's:—"Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more."

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PLEASURE AND POWER OF READING, <i>Herschel,</i>	11
WHAT IS THE POET? <i>Wordsworth,</i>	12
THE GRAVE, <i>Montgomery,</i>	14
THE JOURNEY ONWARDS, <i>Moore,</i>	17
MARRIAGE, <i>Jeremy Taylor,</i>	19
DEATH OF LITTLE NELL, <i>Dickens,</i>	21
BARTHAM'S DIRGE: A BORDER BALLAD,	25
THE PHANTOM SHIP, <i>Coleridge,</i>	27
THE RED CROSS KNIGHT, <i>Spenser,</i>	30
THE POLITICAL UPHOLSTERER, <i>Addison,</i>	32
CONTENTMENT, <i>Southwell,</i>	35
THE SECRET OF THE SEA, <i>Longfellow,</i>	37
THE AGE OF ELIZABETH, <i>Warton,</i>	40
THE HAPPY SHEPHERD, <i>Fletcher,</i>	41
THE CAVALIER'S SWEETHEART, <i>Suckling,</i>	43
DR JOHNSON ON HIS DICTIONARY,	45
THE HAMLET,	46
UNCLE TOBY'S GARDEN CAMPAIGNS, <i>Sterne,</i>	49
A CITY SHOWER, <i>Swift,</i>	52
PASTORAL DUTIES AND DELIGHTS, <i>Shakespeare,</i>	54

	PAGE
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,	<i>Macaulay</i> , 56
"GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!"	<i>Burns</i> , 58
THE LAST MAN,	<i>Campbell</i> , 60
YORICK'S DEATH,	<i>Sterne</i> , 63
BARBARA FRIETCHIE,	<i>J. G. Whittier</i> , 65
THE LUTIST AND THE NIGHTINGALE, . .	<i>Ford</i> , 68
THE NYMPH'S DESCRIPTION OF HER FAWN, 70
THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG,	<i>Charles Lamb</i> , 72
A HIGHLAND SCENE,	<i>Scott</i> , 76
EXTREMES OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE, . .	<i>Pope</i> , 79
EPITAPH ON A HARE,	<i>Coraper</i> , 81
THE THEATRE,	<i>James Smith</i> , 83
THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE,	<i>Collins</i> , 88
AN UNEXPECTED RE-UNION,	<i>Smollett</i> , 89
SEEMING AND BEING,	<i>Goldsmith</i> , 90
"WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY," . .	<i>Scott</i> , 93
THE PLEASURE OF STUDY,	<i>Joseph Hall</i> , 95
THE ROGUE'S SONG,	<i>Shakespeare</i> , 96
THE FAMILY PICTURE,	<i>Goldsmith</i> , 97
THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE, 99
RESIGNATION,	<i>Longfellow</i> , 101
BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL, . . .	<i>Burns</i> , 104
THE GOLDEN CITY,	<i>Bunyan</i> , 106
THE BELLS,	<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i> , . . . 109
EDOM O' GORDON: A SCOTTISH BALLAD, 113
THE EMPIRE OF THE NATURAL PHILOSOPHER,	<i>Sir John Herschel</i> , . . . 118
SONG OF THE SILENT LAND,	<i>Longfellow</i> , 120

		PAGE
THE OLD HUSBAND AND THE YOUNG WIFE,	<i>Sheridan,</i>	121
MORTHAM'S HISTORY,	<i>Scott,</i>	124
LABOUR AND RECREATION,	<i>Arthur Helps,</i>	129
ALEXANDER SELKIRK,	<i>Steele, (Spectator),</i>	131
THE LADY OF THE LAKE,	<i>Scott,</i>	134
SHAKESPEARE AND BEN JONSON,	<i>Dryden,</i>	137
GIPSIES,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	139
AN ANTIQUARY,	<i>Butler,</i>	141
WEARINESS,	<i>Longfellow,</i>	143
THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE NILE AND THE DESERT,	<i>Harriet Martineau,</i>	144
LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING,	<i>Wordsworth,</i>	147
THE LOST SHEPHERD,	<i>Thomson,</i>	149
A CHILD,	<i>Earle,</i>	152
ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,	<i>Beaumont,</i>	153
OF BOOKS,	<i>Fuller,</i>	155
"THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS,"	<i>Byron,</i>	157
THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES,	<i>Charles Lamb,</i>	159





PLEASURE AND POWER OF READING.

IF I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It civilises the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous.

Herschel.

WHAT IS THE POET?

WHAT is a Poet? To whom does he address himself? And what language is to be expected from him? He is a man speaking to men: Poetry is the image of man and nature. The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the biographer and historian, and of their consequent utility, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the poet who has an adequate notion of the dignity of his art. The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a man. Except this one restriction, there is no object standing between the poet and the image of things; between this and the biographer and historian there are a thousand.

Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe, an acknowledgment the more sincere, because it is not formal, but indirect; it is a task light and easy to him who looks at the world in the spirit of love: further, it is a homage paid to the native and naked dignity of man, to the grand elementary principle of pleasure, by which he knows, and feels, and lives, and moves. We have no sympathy but what is propagated by pleasure. I would not be misunderstood, but wherever we sympathise with pain it will be found that the sympathy is produced and carried on by subtle combinations with pleasure. We have no knowledge, that is, no general principles drawn from the contemplation of particular facts, but what has been built up by pleasure, and exists in us by pleasure alone. The man of science, the chemist and mathematician, whatever difficulties and disgusts they may have had to struggle with, know and feel this. However painful may be the objects with which the anatomist's knowledge is connected, he feels that his knowledge is pleasure; and where he has no pleasure he has no knowledge. What then does the poet? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure; he considers man in his own

nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions, which by habit become of the nature of intuitions; he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an overbalance of enjoyment.

To this knowledge which all men carry about with them, and to these sympathies in which, without any other discipline than that of our daily life, we are fitted to take delight, the poet principally directs his attention. He considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting qualities of nature. And thus the poet, prompted by this feeling of pleasure which accompanies him through the whole course of his studies, converses with general nature with affections akin to those which, through labour and length of time, the man of science has raised up in himself, by conversing with those parts of nature which are the objects of his studies. The knowledge both of the poet and the man of science is pleasure; but the knowledge of the one cleaves to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us, and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings. The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science.

Wordsworth.





THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found :
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil;
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
Oh, listen!—I will speak no more—
Be silent, pride!

“Art thou a mourner? hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?”

Oh, live and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past;
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
Live!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of powers the fiercest griefs to calm;
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

Whate'er thy lot, where'er thou be,
Confess thy folly—kiss the rod ;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

A bruised reed He will not break ;
Afflictions all His children feel ;
He wounds them for His mercy's sake—
He wounds to heal !

Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate, His providence adore :
'Tis done ! arise ! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

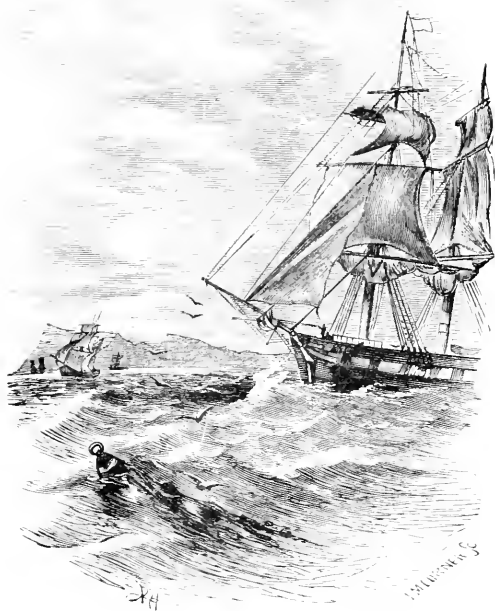
Now, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day !

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die !”

Montgomery.



THE JOURNEY ONWARDS.

AS slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.

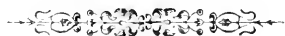
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us ;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us !

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk with joyous seeming—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming ;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us !

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery wild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting ;
We think how great had been our bliss
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

Moore.



MARRIAGE.

LIFE or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman indeed ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes, but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again, and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles, and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness; and the worst of the evil is, they are to thank their own follies, for they fell into the snare by entering an improper way; Christ and the Church were no ingredients in their choice; but as the Indian women enter into folly for the price of an elephant, and think their crime warrantable, so do men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune, and show themselves to be less than money, by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives; and when they have counted the money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy, with the loss of all that money, modesty, or sweet nature to their relative! the odd thousand pounds would gladly be allowed in good nature and fair manners. As very a fool is he that chooses for beauty principally; it is an ill band of affections to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white. And they can love no longer but until the next ague comes; and they are fond of each other but at the chance of fancy, or the small-pox, or care, or time, or anything that can destroy a pretty flower.

There is nothing can please a man without love, and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of paradise; for nothing can

sweeten felicity itself but love ; but when a man dwells in love, then the eyes of his wife are fair as the light of heaven, she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrow down upon her lap, and can retire home as to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges ; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society ; but he that loves not his wife and children, feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows, and blessing itself cannot make him happy.

Jeremy Taylor.



DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged—in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes; the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care—at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday, could know her no more. "It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent—"it is

not in *this* world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it !”

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night ; but as the hours crept on she sank to sleep. They could tell by what she faintly uttered in her dreams that they were of her wanderings with the old man ; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them and used them kindly ; for she often said, “God bless you !” with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music, which, she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been. Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. She had never murmured or complained, but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there almost as soon as it was day with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish ; and indeed he kept his word, and was in his childish way a lesson to them all.

Up to that time the old man had not spoken once—except to her, or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favourite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time ; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on which they must remove her, in her earthly shape from earthly eyes for ever, he led him away that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice, rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied—the living dead, in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now—pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the coloured window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath—many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to

enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old walls. A whisper went about among the oldest there that she had seen and talked with angels; and, when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed.

Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch—and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

Dickens.





BARTHRAM'S DIRGE.

A Border Ballad.

THEY shot him dead at the Nine-Stane Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The sauch, and the aspin gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside ;
She tore her ling long yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.

She bathed him in the Lady-Well,
His wounds so deep and sair,
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They row'd him in a lily-sheet,
And bare him to his earth,
And the gray friars sung the dead man's mass,
As they pass'd the Chapel Garth.

They buried him at the mirk midnight,
When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspin gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Nine-Stane Burn,
And they cover'd him o'er with the heather-flower,
The moss, and the lady fern.

A gray friar stay'd upon the grave,
And sang till the morning tide,
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While the Headless Cross shall bide.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

THERE pass'd a weary time. Each throat
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist ;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it near'd and near'd :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
And cried, A sail, a sail !

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all

See ! see ! (I cried,) she tacks no more
Hither to work us weal !
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was fleck'd with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud,)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

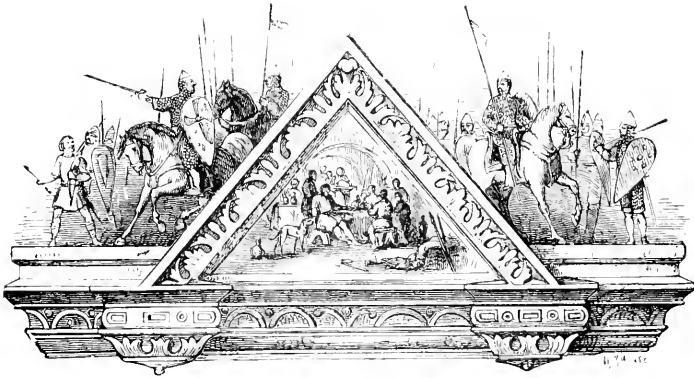
The sun's rim dips! the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;

With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listen'd and look'd sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horn'd Moon, with one bright star,
Within the nether tip.

Coleridge.





THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plain,
 Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
 Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
 The cruel marks of many a bloody field ;
 Yet arms till that time did he never wield :
 His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
 As much disdainng to the curb to yield :
 Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
 As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
 The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead, as living, ever him adored :
 Upon his shield the like was also scored,
 For sovereign hope, which in his help he had.
 Right faithful, true he was in deed and word :
 But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad :
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious Queen of Faery Lond,)
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave.
And ever, as he rode, his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave ;
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn ;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

Spenser.



THE POLITICAL UPHOLSTERER.

THERE lived some years since, within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the *Postman*, and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children, but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for king Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till, about three days ago, as I was walking in St James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me; and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty by certain shabby superfluities in his dress; for, notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose greatcoat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl, to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters, buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances, but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender. I told him none that I heard of, and asked him whether he had yet married his eldest daughter. He told me no. But pray, says he, tell me sincerely what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden? For though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of

the age. But pray, says he, do you think there is anything in the story of his wound? And finding me surprised at the question,—Nay, says he, I only propose it to you. I answered that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. But why in the heel, says he, more than in any other part of the body? Because, said I, the bullet chanced to light there.

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the north; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the *Supplement* with the *English Post*, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The *Daily Courant*, says he, has these words:—We have advices from very good hands that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration. This is very mysterious; but the *Postboy* leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us that there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light. Now, the *Postman*, says he, who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words:—The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matters of speculation. This certain prince, says the upholsterer, whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be — Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear or think worthy my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These, I found, were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them. The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that, for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince Menzi-koff and the Duchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with so

many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions. . . .

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace, in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away ; but had not gone thirty yards before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news which he had not thought fit to communicate on the bench ; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half-a-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constantinople ; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

Addison.



CONTENTMENT.

MY conscience is my crown ;
Contented thoughts my rest ;
My heart is happy in itself ;
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth ;
A mean, the surest lot ;
That lies too high for base contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil :
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly reign :
Effects attain'd, or not desired,
All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin ;
Well-doing is my wealth :
My mind to me an empire is.
While Grace affordeth health.

I wrestle not with rage,
While fury's flame doth burn ;
It is in vain to stop the stream,
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend ;

And taught with often proof,
A temper'd calm I find
To be most solace to itself,
Best cure for angry mind.

No change of Fortune's calms
Can cast my comforts down :
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown ;

And when, in froward mood,
She moved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go.

Southwell.





THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore ;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore !

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines ;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley,
Steering onward to the land :—

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear.

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried with impulse strong,—
“ Helmsman ! for the love of Heaven
Teach me, too, that wondrous song !

“ Wouldst thou,”—so the helmsman answer'd,
“ Learn the secret of the sea ?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery ! ”

In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies ;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

Longfellow.



THE AGE OF ELIZABETH.

THE age of Queen Elizabeth is commonly called the golden age of English poetry. It certainly may not improperly be styled the most poetical age of these annals.

Among the great features which strike us in the poetry of this period are the predominancy of fable, of fiction, and fancy, and a predilection for interesting adventures and pathetic events. I will endeavour to assign and explain the cause of this characteristic distinction, which may chiefly be referred to the following principles, sometimes blended, and sometimes operating singly; the revival and vernacular versions of the classics, the importation and translation of Italian novels, the visionary reveries or refinements of false philosophy, a degree of superstition sufficient for the purposes of poetry, the adoption of the machineries of romance, and the frequency and the improvements of allegoric exhibition in the popular spectacles. . . .

All or most of these circumstances contributed to give a descriptive, a picturesque, and a figurative cast to the poetical language. This effect appears even in the prose compositions of the reign of Elizabeth. In the subsequent age prose became the language of poetry.

In the meantime general knowledge was increasing with a wide diffusion and a hasty rapidity. Books began to be multiplied, and a variety of the most useful and rational topics had been discussed in our own language. But science had not made too great advances. On the whole, we were now arrived at that period propitious to the operations of original and true poetry, when the coyness of fancy was not always proof against the approaches of reason; when genius was rather directed than governed by judgment; and when taste and learning had so far only disciplined imagination as to suffer its excesses to pass without censure or control for the sake of the beauties to which they were allied.

Warton.



THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

THRICE, oh, thrice happy, shepherd's life and state !
When courts are happiness' unhappy pawns !
His cottage low and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune with her scorns and fawns :
No fear'd treason breaks his quiet sleep,
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep ;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Syrian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives : nor silken pride :
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed :
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright ;
For begging wants his middle fortune bite ;
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise ;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes :
In country plays is all the strife he uses ;
Or sing, or dance unto the rural muses ;
And but in music's sports all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content :
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noontide rage is spent ;
His life is neither toss'd in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease :
Pleased and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place ;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face :
Never his humble house nor state torment him :
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him ;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, content him.

Fletcher.





THE CAVALIER'S SWEETHEART.

HER finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck :
And, to say truth—for out it must --
It look'd like the great collar just
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light :
But, oh, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight !

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison ;
Who sees them is undone ;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that 's next the sun.

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly ;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get :
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours or better
And are not spent a whit.

Suckling.



DR JOHNSON ON HIS DICTIONARY.

I HAVE devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors : whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation of English literature, must be left to time ; much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease ; much has been trifled away ; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me ; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if, by my assistance, foreign nations and distant ages gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth. . . .

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed ; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great ; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive ; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni ; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me ? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.



THE HAMLET.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild,
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain !

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew ;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
While Nature's sweetest notes they hear,
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue.
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds ;
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay.
Each native charm their steps explore
Of solitude's sequester'd store.

For then the moon, with cloudless ray,
Mounts to illumine their homeward way ;
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows' incense breathe at eve,
No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share ;
But when the curfew's measured roar,
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echo'd from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room ;
Or through the primrosed coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay ;

Or quaintly braid the cowslip twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine ;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill ;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the ancient raven's nest.

 Their humble porch with honey'd flowers
The curling woodbine's shade embowers :
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound :
Nor fell disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime :
But when their temples long have worn
The silver crown of tresses hoar ;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.



UNCLE TOBY'S GARDEN CAMPAIGNS.

IF the reader has not got a clear conception of the rood and the half of ground which lay at the bottom of my uncle Toby's kitchen-garden. and which was the scene of so many of his delicious hours, the fault is not in me, but in his imagination, for I am sure I gave him so minute a description, I was almost ashamed of it. My uncle Toby came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him of almost every fortified town in Italy and Flanders; so let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, have set down before what town they pleased, my uncle Toby was prepared for them.

His way, which was the simplest one in the world, was this: as soon as ever a town was invested, (but sooner when the design was known,) to take the plan of it, (let it be what town it would,) and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact size of his bowling-green; upon the surface of which, by means of a large roll of packthread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the several angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and slopes of the ditches, he set the Corporal to work, and sweetly it went on. The nature of the soil, the nature of the work itself, and, above all, the good-nature of my uncle Toby, sitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the Corporal upon past-done deeds, left labour little else but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finished in this manner, and put into a proper posture of defence, it was invested; and my uncle Toby and the Corporal began to run their first parallel. I beg I may not be interrupted in my story by being told that the first parallel should be at least three hundred toises distant from the main body of the place, and that I have not left a single inch for it; for my uncle Toby took the liberty of encroaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the sake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green; and, for that reason, generally ran his first and second parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and cauliflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be considered at large in the history of my uncle Toby's campaigns, of which this I'm now writing is but a sketch.

When the town with its works was finished, my uncle Toby and the

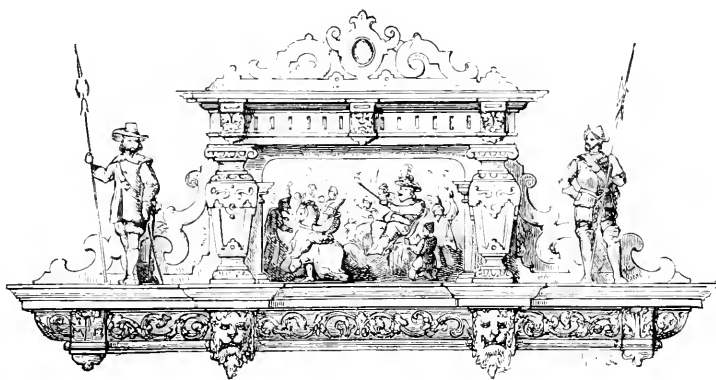
Corporal began to run their first parallel, not at random, or anyhow, but from the same points and distances the allies had begun to run theirs ; and regulating their approaches and attacks by the accounts my uncle Toby received from the daily papers, they went on, during the whole siege, step by step, with the allies. When the Duke of Marlborough made a lodgment, my uncle Toby made a lodgment too ; and when the face of a bastion was battered down, or a defence ruined, the Corporal took his mattock and did as much ; and so on, gaining ground, and making themselves masters of the works, one after another, till the town fell into their hands. To one who took pleasure in the happy state of others, there could not have been a greater sight in the world, than on a post-morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the Duke of Marlborough in the main body of the place, to have stood behind the hornbeam hedge, and observed the spirit with which my uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, sallied forth, the one with the *Gazette* in his hand, the other with a spade on his shoulder, to execute the contents. What an honest triumph in my uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts ! what intense pleasure swimming in his eye as he stood over the Corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, lest, peradventure, he should make the breach an inch too wide, or leave it an inch too narrow ! But when the *chamade* was beat, and the Corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts,—Heaven ! Earth ! Sea ! —But what avail apostrophes ?—with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded so intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happiness, for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then when the wind continued to blow due west for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them so long in torture,—but still it was the torture of the happy,—in this track, I say, did my uncle Toby and Trim move for many years, every year of which, and sometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding some new conceit or quirk of improvement to their operations, which always opened fresh springs of delight in carrying them on. The first year's campaign was carried on, from beginning to end, in the plain and simple method I've related. In the second year, in which my uncle Toby took Liege and Ruremond, he thought he might afford the expense of four handsome drawbridges. At the latter end of

the same year he added a couple of gates with portcullises ; and during the winter of the same year, my uncle Toby, instead of a new suit of clothes, which he always had at Christmas, treated himself with a handsome sentry-box, to stand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis there was left a little kind of an esplanade, for him and the Corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon. The sentry-box was in case of rain. All these were painted white three times over the ensuing spring, which enabled my uncle Toby to take the field with great splendour.

My father would often say to Yorick, that if any mortal in the whole universe had done such a thing except his brother Toby, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the most refined satires upon the parade and prancing manner in which Louis XIV., from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field. But 'tis not in my brother Toby's nature, kind soul ! my father would add, to insult any one.

Sterne.



A CITY SHOWER.

CAREFUL observers may foretell the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower :
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.

Meanwhile the south, rising with dappled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope ;
Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop—but not so clean :
You fly, invoke the gods ; then turning, stop
To rail ; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd the unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah ! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade !
Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain !

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the draggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while every spout's a-broach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.

Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits ;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds ; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them through,)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear.

Swift.





PASTORAL DUTIES AND DELIGHTS.

METHINKS it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,

Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah ! what a life were this ! how sweet—how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery !
Oh, yes it doth ; a thousandfold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchèd on a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Shakespeare.



THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

DOCTOR JOHNSON, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favourite than "Jack the Giant Killer." Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought.

All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants, and hobgoblins, ill-favoured ones and shining ones, the tall, comely, swarthy, Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money, the black man in the bright vesture, Mr Worldly Wiseman and my Lord Hategood, Mr Talkative and Mrs Timorous, all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not a jealous man, but jealousy; not a traitor, but perfidy; not a patriot, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays. . . .

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of

theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

Macaulay.





GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

GREEN grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
And 'twere na for the lasses, O!

The warl'y race may riches chase,
And riches still may fly them, O ;
And though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a canny hour at een,
My arms about my dearie, O,
And warl'y cares, and warl'y men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O ;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

Burns.



THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality !
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time !
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime !

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by—
Saying, We are twins in death, proud sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go ;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will ;—
Yet mourn not I thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrown'd king of day :
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe ;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold me not expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

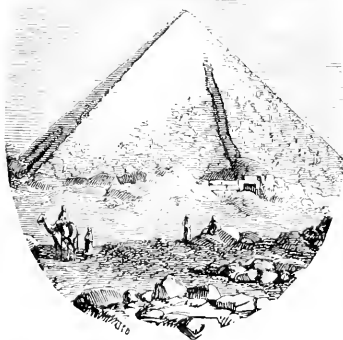
This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark ;

Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine.

By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory—
And took the sting from death !

Go, sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God !

Campbell.



YORICK'S DEATH.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stepped in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand, and after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. "I hope not," answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—*"I hope not, Yorick,"* said he. Yorick replied with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand—and that was all—but it cut Eugenius to his heart. *"Come, come, Yorick!"* quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him; *"my dear lad, be comforted; let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wantest them. Who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?"* Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. *"For my part,"* continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, *"I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee; and would gladly flatter my hopes,"* added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, *"that there is still enough of thee left to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it."* *"I beseech thee, Eugenius,"* quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius—*"I beseech thee to take a view of my head."* *"I see nothing that ails it,"* replied Eugenius. *"Then, alas! my friend,"* said Yorick, *"let me tell you that it is so bruised and misshaped with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panza, that should I recover, and 'mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.'"* Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart, as he uttered this; yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone, and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes—faint picture

of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespeare said of his ancestor) "were wont to set the table in a roar!"

Eugenius was convinced from this that the heart of his friend was broke. He squeezed his hand, and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door; he then closed them, and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his churchyard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy—

Alas! Poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over, with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him. A footway crossing the churchyard close by his grave, not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it, and sighing as he walks on,

ALAS, POOR YORICK!

Sterne.



BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand
Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-trees fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famish'd rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee march'd over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapp'd in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men haul'd down ;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch'd hat left and right
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt !"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire !" out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shiver'd the window, pane, and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatch'd the silken scarf ;

She lean'd far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stir'd
To life at that woman's deed and word :

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog ! March on !" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag toss'd
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

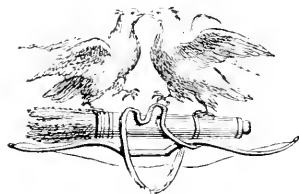
J. G. Whittier



THE LUTIST AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

PASSING from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting Paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me : I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art and nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
Indeed entranced my soul ; as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wonder'd too.
A nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge ; and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sang him down.
He could not run divisions with more art
Upon his quaking instrument than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, nor notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study

Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he play'd so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird (ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds ; which when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, for grief down dropt she on his lute,
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.
He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes ; then sigh'd and cried,
"Alas ! poor creature, I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end : " and in that sorrow,
As he was dashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stepp'd in.

Ford.



THE NYMPH'S DESCRIPTION OF HER FAWN.

WITH sweetest milk and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nursed ;
And as it grew so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they,

It had so sweet a breath ! and oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say ? than my hand—
Than any lady's of the land.

It was a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race ;
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness ;
And all the spring-time of the year
It lovèd only to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it although before mine eyes ;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed ;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill ;
And its pure virgin lips to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG.

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M—— was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing it or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day.

This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius, in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term *Cho-fang*, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling, (which I take to be the elder brother,) was accidentally discovered in the manner following :—

The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the wood one morning, as his manner was, to collect food for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage, (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it,) what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labour of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand—much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped

down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with a retributory cudgel; and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it; when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:—

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?”

“O father, the pig—the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, “Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste! O Lord!” with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural

young monster, when the crackling, scorching his fingers as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion, (for the manuscript here is a little tedious,) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

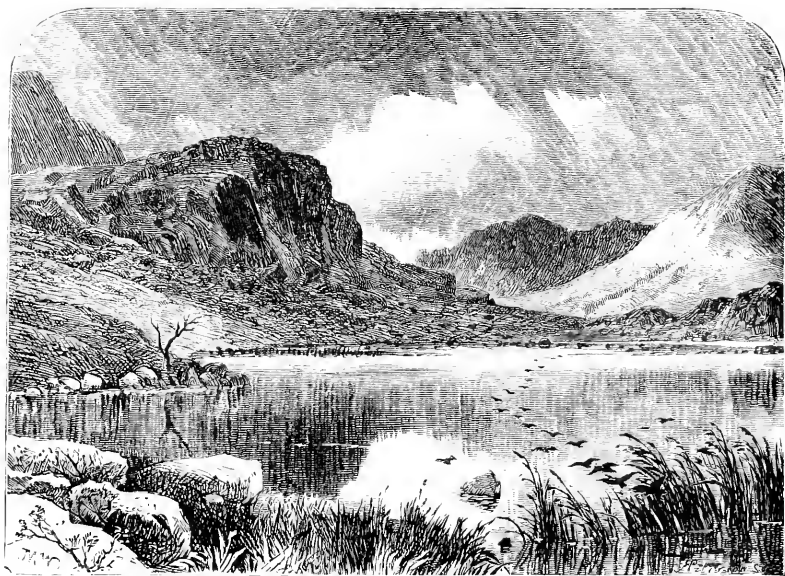
The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day,

until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till, in process of time, says the manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burned*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith on the account thus given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST
FIG.

Charles Lamb.





A HIGHLAND SCENE.

THE western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way ;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,

Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
Their rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair ;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrop sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain,
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath ;
Aloft the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.

Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue ;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Sir Walter Scott.



EXTREMES OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

LETTER FROM POPE TO ADDISON—1713.

I HAVE been lying in wait for my own imagination, this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that sort; so I must even be contented with telling you the old story, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience that nature and truth, though never so low or vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and artlessly represented. It would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconsistencies and tautologies just as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more unreservedness than ever man wrote, or perhaps talked to another. I trust your good nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me; since one is an act of goodness and benevolence, the other a kind of constrained deference.

You cannot wonder my thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Every hour of my life my mind is strangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the stars, with a thousand systems round about me, looking forward into a vast abyss, and losing my whole comprehension in the boundless space of creation, in dialogues with Whiston and the astronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles grovelling with T—— in the very centre of nonsense: now I am recreated with the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr Steele in his liveliest and freest humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the insignificant observations and quirks of grammar of C—— and D——. Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! how unsettled in his best part, his soul! and how changing and variable in his frame of body! the constancy of the one shook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blast of wind. What is he altogether but one mighty inconsistency? sickness and pain is the lot of one half of him: doubt and fear the proportion of the other! What a

bustle we make about passing our time, when all our space is but a point ! what aims and ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life, which (as Shakespeare finely words it) is rounded with a sleep ! Our whole extent of being is no more in the eye of Him who gave it than a scarce perceptible moment of duration. Those animals whose circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the naturalists tell us, are yet as long-lived and possess as wide a scene of action as man, if we consider him with a view to all space and all eternity. Who knows what plots, what achievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust, within his life of some minutes ? and of how much less consideration than even this, is the life of man in the sight of God, who is from ever, and for ever !

Who that thinks in this train, but must see the world and its contemptible grandeurs lessen before him at every thought. It is enough to make one remain stupified in a poise of inaction, void of all desires, of all designs, of all friendships.

But we must return (through our very condition of being) to our narrow selves, and those things that affect ourselves : our passions, our interests flow in upon us, and unphilosophise us into mere mortals. For my part, I never return so much into myself, as when I think of you, whose friendship is one of the best comforts I have for the insignificancy of myself.



EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo ;

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw ,
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads fail'd,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

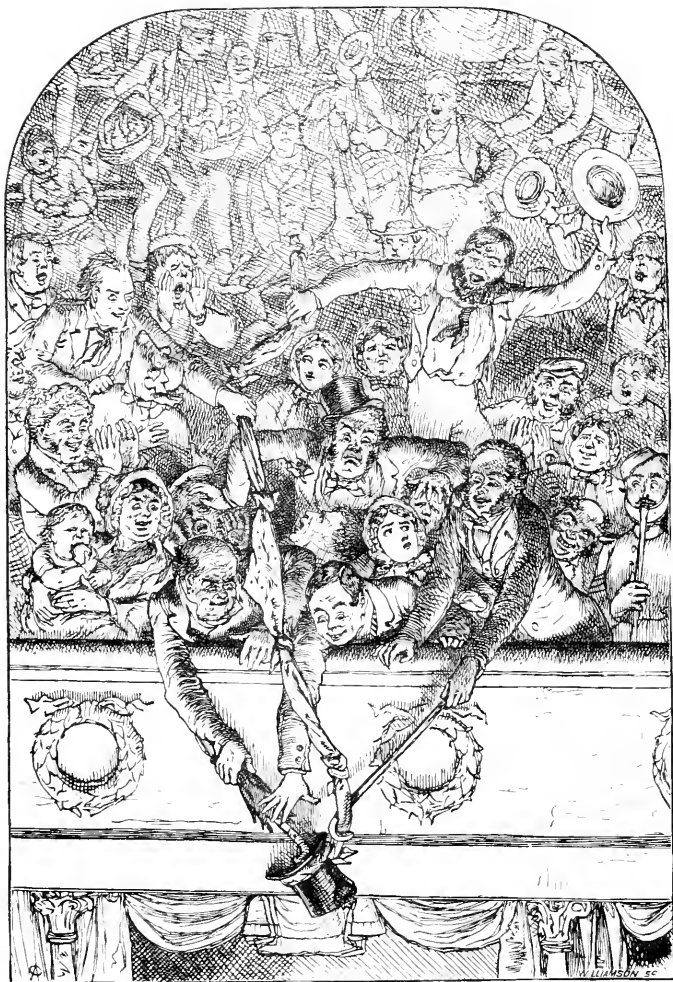
I kept him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade
He finds his long last home.
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiny's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

Cowper.





THE THEATRE.

"TIS sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,

Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start ;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery-pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane ;
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please ;
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

Now the full benches to late-comers doom
No room for standing, miscall'd *standing-room*.

Hark ! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling, " Pit full ! " gives the check he takes ;
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowdiers shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair—
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair !
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon ;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling harp,
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.
Now all seems hush'd ; but no, one fiddle will
Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still.
Foil'd in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man :

Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and away they go.

Perchance, while pit and gallery cry "Hats off!"
And awed Consumption checks his chided cough,
Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love
Drops, reft of pin, her play-bill from above;
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap;
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers;
Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl,
Who from his powder'd pate the intruder strikes,
And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues?
Who's that calls "Silence!" with such leathern lungs?
He who, in quest of quiet, "Silence!" hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls contain!—
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court:
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery-cormorant, the auction-shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery-door,
With pence twice five—they want but twopence more;
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery-stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their talk;

Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live—
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give ;
Jews from St Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St Mary :
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait ;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling Fortune seem'd to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire :
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubb's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ ;
In Holywell Street, St Pancras, he was bred,
(At number twenty-seven, it is said,)
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head :
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name—a red-hair'd youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods ! to keep your tongues in awe,
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat ;
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act ? Pay at the gallery-door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four ?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,

And gain his hat again at half-past eight !
Now while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullens whispered, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you," cries Pat ; "but one won't make a line."
"Take mine," cried Wilson ; and cried Stokes, "Take mine."
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow down darts the painted clue,
Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band—
Upsoars the prize ! The youth, with joy unfeign'd,
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd ;
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.

James Smith.

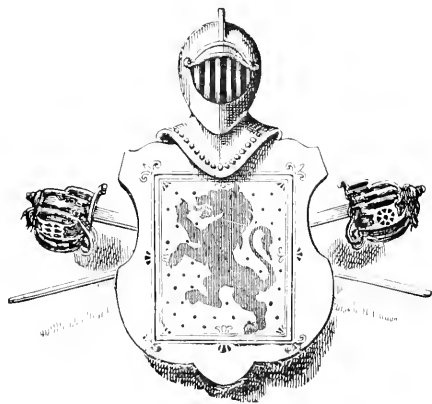


THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
And dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

Collins.



AN UNEXPECTED RE-UNION.

AS we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteelly though plainly dressed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words:—"This is hard work for such an old man as you?" So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes, "Have you never a son," said he, "to ease you of this labour?" "Yes, an' please your honour," replied the senior, "I have three hopeful lads, but at present they are out of the way." "Honour not me," cried the stranger; "it more becomes me to honour your gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?" The ancient pavier said, his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps towards the jail; then turning short, "Tell me," said he, "has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?" "Call him not unnatural," replied the other; "God's blessing be upon him! he sent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad use of it; I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides." At that instant a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison window, exclaimed, "Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he." "I am! I am!" cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears, "I am your son Willy, sure enough!" Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy?" The captain no sooner beheld her than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

Smollett.

SEEMING AND BEING.

I WAS lately introduced into a company of the best dressed men I have seen since my arrival. Upon entering the room, I was struck with awe at the grandeur of the different dresses. That personage, thought I, in blue and gold must be some emperor's son ; that in green and silver a prince of the blood ; he in embroidered scarlet a prime minister, all first-rate noblemen, I suppose, and well-looking noblemen too. I sat for some time with that uneasiness which conscious inferiority produces in the ingenuous mind, all attention to their discourse. However, I found their conversation more vulgar than I could have expected from personages of such distinction : if these, thought I to myself, be princes, they are the most stupid princes I have ever conversed with : yet still I continued to venerate their dress ; for dress has a kind of mechanical influence on the mind.

My friend in black, indeed, did not behave with the same deference, but contradicted the finest of them all in the most peremptory tones of contempt. But I had scarcely time to wonder at the imprudence of his conduct, when I found occasion to be equally surprised at the absurdity of theirs ; for upon the entry of a middle-aged man, dressed in a cap, dirty shirt and boots, the whole circle seemed diminished of their former importance, and contended who should be first to pay their obeisance to the stranger. They somewhat resembled a circle of Kalmucs offering incense to a bear.

Eager to know the cause of so much seeming contradiction, I whispered my friend out of the room, and found that the august company consisted of no other than a dancing-master, two fiddlers, and a third-rate actor, all assembled in order to make a set at country dances, as the middle-aged gentleman whom I saw enter was a squire from the country, desirous of learning the new manner of footing, and smoothing up the rudiments of his rural minuet.

I was no longer surprised at the authority which my friend assumed among them, nay, was even displeased (pardon my Eastern education) that he had not kicked every creature of them down stairs. "What !" said I, "shall a set of such paltry fellows dress themselves up like sons of kings, and claim even the transitory respect of half an hour? There

should be some law to restrain so manifest a breach of privilege; they should go from house to house, as in China, with the instruments of their profession strung round their necks; by this means we might be able to distinguish and treat them in a style becoming contempt." "Hold, my friend," replied my companion, "were your reformation to take place, as dancing-masters and fiddlers now mimic gentlemen in appearance, we should then find our fine gentlemen conforming to theirs. A beau might be introduced to a lady of fashion with a fiddle-case hanging at his neck by a red ribbon, and instead of a cane might carry a fiddle-stick. Though to be as dull as a first-rate dancing-master might be used with proverbial justice; yet, dull as he is, many a fine gentleman sets him up as the proper standard of politeness, copies not only the pert vivacity of his air, but the flat insipidity of his conversation. In short, if you make a law against dancing-masters imitating the fine gentleman, you should with as much reason enact that no fine gentleman shall imitate the dancing-master."

After I had left my friend, I made towards home, reflecting as I went upon the difficulty of distinguishing men by their appearance. Invited, however, by the freshness of the evening, I did not return directly, but went to ruminate on what had passed in a public garden belonging to the city. Here, as I sate upon one of the benches, and felt the pleasing sympathy which nature in bloom inspires, a disconsolate figure, who sate on the other end of the seat, seemed no way to enjoy the serenity of the season.

His dress was miserable beyond description; a threadbare coat of the rudest materials; a shirt, though clean, yet extremely coarse; hair that seemed to have been long unconscious of the comb; and all the rest of his equipage impressed with the marks of genuine poverty.

As he continued to sigh, and testify every symptom of despair, I was naturally led, from a motive of humanity, to offer comfort and assistance. You know my heart; and that all who are miserable may claim a place there. The pensive stranger at first declined my conversation; but at last perceiving a peculiarity in my accent and manner of thinking, he began to unfold himself by degrees.

I now found that he was not so very miserable as he at first appeared; upon my offering him a small piece of money, he refused my favour, yet without appearing displeased at my intended generosity. It is true he

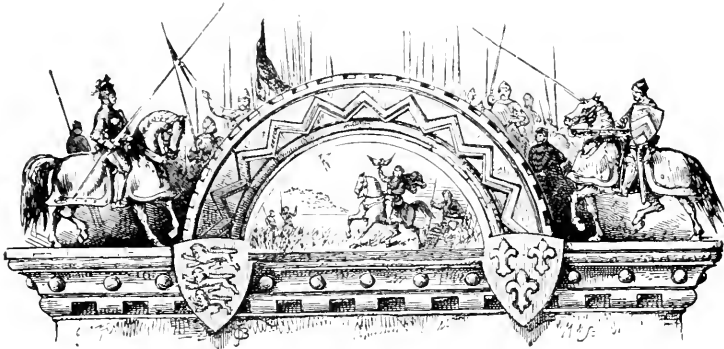
sometimes interrupted the conversation with a sigh, and talked pathetically of neglected merit: still I could perceive a serenity in his countenance, that upon a closer inspection bespoke inward content.

Upon a pause in the conversation I was going to take my leave, when he begged I would favour him with my company home to supper. I was surprised at such a demand from a person of his appearance, but willing to indulge curiosity, I accepted his invitation; and though I felt some repugnance at being seen with one who appeared so very wretched, went along with seeming alacrity.

Still as he approached nearer home, his good humour proportionably seemed to increase. At last he stopped, not at the gate of a hovel, but of a magnificent palace! When I cast my eyes upon all the sumptuous elegance which everywhere presented itself upon entering, and then when I looked at my seeming miserable conductor, I could scarcely think that all this finery belonged to him; yet in fact it did. Numerous servants ran through the apartments with silent assiduity; several ladies of beauty, and magnificently dressed, came to welcome his return; a most elegant supper was provided; in short, I found the person, whom a little before I had sincerely pitied, to be in reality a most refined epicure; *one who courted contempt abroad, in order to feel with keener gust the pleasure of pre-eminence at home.*

Goldsmith, (*Citizen of the World.*)





“WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY.”

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay !
 On the mountain dawns the day,
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear ;
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
 “Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
 The mist has left the mountain gray,
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;
 And foresters have busy been
 To track the buck in thicket green ;
 Now we come to chant our lay,
 “Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
To the green-wood haste away ;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
You shall see him brought to bay,—
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk !
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

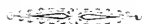
Sir Walter Scott.



THE PLEASURE OF STUDY.

I CAN wonder at nothing more than how a man can be idle, but of all others, a scholar ; in so many improvements of reason, in such sweetness of knowledge, in such variety of studies, in such importunity of thoughts : other artizans do but practise, we still learn ; others run still in the same gyre to weariness, to satiety ; our choice is infinite ; other labours require recreation ; our very labour recreates our sports ; we can never want either somewhat to do, or somewhat that we would do. How numberless are the volumes which men have written of arts, of tongues ! How endless is that volume which God hath written of the world ! wherein every creature is a letter, every day a new page. Who can be weary of either of these ? To find wit in poetry ; in philosophy, profoundness ; in mathematics, acuteness ; in history, wonder of events ; in oratory, sweet eloquence ; in divinity, supernatural light and holy devotion ; as so many rich metals in their proper mines ; whom would it not ravish with delight ! After all these, let us but open our eyes, we cannot look beside a lesson, in this universal book of our Maker, worth our study, worth taking out. What creature hath not his miracle ? what event doth not challenge his observation ! How many busy tongues chase away good hours in pleasant chat, and complain of the haste of night ! What ingenious mind can be sooner weary of talking with learned authors, the most harmless and sweetest companions ! Let the world condemn us ; while we have these delights we cannot envy them ; we cannot wish ourselves other than we are. Besides, the way to all other contentments is troublesome ; the only recompense is in the end. But very search of knowledge is delightful. Study itself is our life ; from which we would not be barred for a world. How much sweeter then is the fruit of study, the conscience of knowledge ! In comparison whereof the soul that hath once tasted it, easily contemns all human comforts.

Joseph Hall.





THE ROGUE'S SONG.

(From the Winter's Tale.)

LAWN as white as driven snow ;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces and for noses ;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber :
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel :
Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry :
Come, buy of me, come ; come buy, come buy ;
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry.

Shakespeare.

THE FAMILY PICTURE.

MY wife and daughters, happening to return a visit at neighbour Flam-borough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a-head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and, notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, (for what could I do ?) our next deliberation was to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges—a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and, after many debates, at length came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family-piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all ; and it would be infinitely more genteel, for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect a historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus ; and the painter was requested not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side ; while I, in my gown and bands, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian Controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing ; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather.

Our taste so much pleased the squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and, as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours ; for which my wife

gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance, which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it! How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is we had all been greatly remiss. This picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

Geldsmith.



THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I SAID to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on ! thou mayst destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest ;
But still the spirit, that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted, on its fury looks
With steadfast eye."

I said to Penury's meagre train,
"Come on ! your threats I brave ;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave ;
Yet still the spirit, that endures,
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile."

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
"Pass on ! I heed you not ;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot ;
Yet still the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles."

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
"Strike deep ! my heart shall bear ;
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there ;
Yet still the spirit, that sustains
This last severe distress,

Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress."

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
"Aim sure! oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Triumphant in the last dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall smiling pass away."





RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watch'd and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there !
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
 And mournings for the dead ;
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours
Amid these earthly damps.
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death ! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous wild emotion,
And anguish long suppress'd,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Longfellow.





BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

O H, leeze me on my spinning-wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel ;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien.
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en.

I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
Oh, leeze me on my spinning-wheel !

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot ;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdies' nest,
And little fishes' caller rest :
The sun blinks kindly in the biel,
Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale ;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays :
The craik amang the clover hay,
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley.
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
Oh, wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great ?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel ?

Burns.



THE GOLDEN CITY.

NOW I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced them there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day ; wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of reach of the Giant Despair ; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to, also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof, for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land, also, the contract between the bride and bridegroom was renewed ; yea, here, “as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them.” Here they had no want of corn and wine ; for in this place they met abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city—loud voices—saying, “Say ye to the daughter of Zion, behold thy salvation cometh. Behold, his reward is with him !” Here all the inhabitants of the country called them “the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out,” &c.

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound ; and drawing nearer to the city yet, they had a more perfect view thereof : it was built of pearls and precious stones ; also the streets thereof were paved with gold ; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflections of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick ; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease : wherefore here they lay by it for a little while, crying out, because of their pangs, “If you see my beloved, tell him that I am sick of love.”

But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens ; and their gates opened into the highway. Now as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood

in the way, to whom the pilgrims said: Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered, They are the king's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims: so the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with dainties; he also showed them there the king's walks and arbours, where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Now I beheld in my dream that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me, Wherefore musest thou on the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly, as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the great city. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city, for the city was of pure gold, was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw that, as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold; also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met with in the way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.

Christian and his companion then asked the men to go along with them; so they told them that they would. But, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now, I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, You must go through, or you cannot come to the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate. To which they answered, Yes, but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that; but no way could be found by them by which

they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said, No; yet they could not help them in that case; for, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the king of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and, entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, I sink in deep waters: the billows go over my head; all the waters go over me. *Selah.*

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah! my friend, the sorrow of death hath encompassed me about; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here, in a great measure, he lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. . . . Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse a while. To whom, also, Hopeful added these words, Be of good cheer; Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh! I see him again, and he tells me, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Then they both took courage; and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow, but thus they got over.

Bunyan.



THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the belis—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon,
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells;
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells, bells,
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells !

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells !
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone !
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls :
And their king it is who tolls ;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells !
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells !
And he dances, and he yells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—

Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar Allan Poe.





EDOM O' GORDON.

A Scottish Ballad.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld."

“ And whatna hauld sall we draw to,
My merry men and me?
We will gae to the house of Rodes,
To see that fair ladye.”

She had nae sooner buskit hersel',
Nor putten on her gown,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner sitten down,
Nor suner said the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were closed about the place.

The ladye ran up to her touir heid,
As fast as she could drie,
To see if, by her fair speeches,
She could with him agree.

As sune as he saw the ladye fair,
And her yetts all lockit fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his heart was aghast.

“ Come down to me, ye ladye fair,
Come down to me, let's see;
This night ye'se lie by my ain side,
The morn my bride sall be.”

“ I winna come down, ye fause Gordon;
I winna come doun to thee;
I winna forsake my ain deir lord,
That is sae far frae me.”

“Gie up your house, ye fair ladye,
Gie up your house to me ;
Or I will burn yoursel’ therein,
But and your babies thrie.”

“I winna gie ’t up, thou fause Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as thee ;
Though thou suld burn mysel’ therein,
But and my babies thrie.”

“Set fire to the house,” quoth fause Gordon,
“Sin’ better may na be ;
And I will burn hersel’ therein,
But and her babies thrie.”

“And ein wae worth ye, Jock, my man :
I paid ye weil your fee ;
Why pu ye oot my grund-wa-stane,
Lets in the reek to me ?

“And ein wae worth ye, Jock, my man !
I paid you weil your hyre ;
Why pu you oot my grund-wa-stane,
To me lets in the fyre ?”

“Ye paid me well my hire, lady,
Ye paid me well my fee ;
But now I ’m Edom of Gordon’s man—
Maun either do or die.”

Oh then bespake her youngest son,
Sat on the nurse’s knee,
“Dear mother, gie ower your house,” he says,
“For the reek it worries me.”

“ I winna gie up my house, my dear,
To nae sic traitor as he ;
Come weel, come wae, my jewel fair,
Ye maun tak share wi’ me.”

Oh then bespake her daughter deir ;
She was baith jimp and sma’ ;
“ Oh row me in a pair o’ sheets,
And tow me ower the wa’.”

They row’d her in a pair o’ sheets,
And tow’d her ower the wa’ ;
But on the point o’ Edom’s speir
She gat a deidly fa’.

Oh bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks ;
And cleir, cleir was her yellow hair,
Whereon the reid blude dreips.

Then wi’ his speir he turn’d her ower,
Oh gin her face was wan !
He said, “ You are the first that eir
I wist alyve again.”

He turn’d her ower and ower again,
Oh gin her skin was whyte !
He said, “ I nicht hae spared thy lyfe,
To been some man’s delyte.

“ Backe and boun, my merrie men all ;
For ill dooms I do guess ;
I canna luik on that bonnie face,
As it lies on the grass !”

“Them luiks to freits, my master deir,
Them freits will follow them ;
Let it ne’er be said brave Edom of Gordon
Was dauntit by a dame.”

Oh, then he spied her ain deir lord,
As he came o’er the lea ;
He saw his castle in a fyre,
As far as he could see.

“Put on, put on, my michtie men,
As fast as ye can drie ;
For he that ’s hindmost o’ my men,
Sall ne’er get gude o’ me.”

And some they rade, and some they ran,
Fu’ fast out ower the plain ;
But lang, lang ere he could get up,
They a’ were deid and slain.

But mony were the mudie men
Lay gasping on the grene ;
For o’ fifty men that Edom brought
There were but fyve gaed hame.

And mony were the mudie men
Lay gasping on the grene ;
And mony were the fair ladyes
Lay lemanless at hame.

And round and round the wa’s he went,
Their ashes for to view :
At last into the flames he flew,
And bade the world adieu.



THE EMPIRE OF THE NATURAL PHILOSOPHER.

TO the natural philosopher there is no natural object unimportant or trifling. From the least of nature's works he may learn the greatest lessons. The fall of an apple to the ground may raise his thoughts to the laws which govern the revolutions of the planets in their orbits; or the situation of a pebble may afford him evidence of the state of the globe he inhabits, myriads of ages ago, before his species became its denizens. And this is, in fact, one of the great sources of delight which the study of natural science imparts to its votaries. A mind which has once imbibed a taste for scientific inquiry, and has learnt the habit of applying its principles readily to the cases which occur, has within itself an inexhaustible source of pure and exciting contemplations: one would think that Shakespeare had such a mind in view when he describes a contemplative man as finding

"Tongues in trees—books in the running brooks—
Sermons in stones—and good in everything."

Accustomed to trace the operation of general causes, and the exemplification of general laws, in circumstances where the uninformed and uninquiring eye perceives neither novelty nor beauty, he walks in the midst of wonders: every object which falls in his way elucidates some principle, affords some instruction, and impresses him with a sense of harmony and order. Nor is it a mere passive pleasure which is thus communicated. A thousand questions are continually arising in his mind, a thousand subjects of inquiry presenting themselves, which keep his faculties in constant exercise, and his thoughts perpetually on the wing, so that lassitude is excluded from his life, and that craving after artificial excitement and dissipation of mind, which leads so many into frivolous, unworthy, and destructive pursuits, is altogether eradicated from his bosom. It is not one of the least advantages of these pursuits, which, however, they possess in common with every class of intellectual pleasures, that they are altogether independent of external circumstances, and are to be enjoyed in every situation in which a man can be placed in life. The highest degrees of worldly prosperity are so far from being incomparable with them, that

they supply additional advantages for their pursuit, and that sort of fresh and renewed relish which arises partly from the sense of contrast, partly from experience of the peculiar pre-eminence they possess over the pleasures of sense in their capability of unlimited increase and continual repetition without satiety or distaste. They may be enjoyed, too, in the intervals of the most active business; and the calm and dispassionate interest with which they fill the mind renders them a most delightful retreat from the agitations and dissensions of the world, and from the conflict of passions, prejudices, and interests in which the man of business finds himself continually involved. There is something in the contemplation of general laws which powerfully persuades us to merge individual feeling, and to commit ourselves unreservedly to their disposal; while the observation of the calm, energetic regularity of nature, the immense scale of her operations, and the certainty with which her ends are attained, tends irresistibly to tranquillise and reassure the mind, and render it less accessible to repining, selfish, and turbulent emotions. And this it does, not by debasing our nature into weak compliances and abject submission to circumstances, but by filling us, as from an inward spring, with a sense of nobleness and power which enables us to rise superior to them, by showing us our strength and innate dignity, and by calling upon us for the exercise of those powers and faculties by which we are susceptible of the comprehension of so much greatness, and which form, as it were, a link between ourselves and the best and noblest benefactors of our species, with whom we hold communion in thoughts and participate in discoveries which have raised them above their fellow-mortals, and brought them nearer to their Creator.

Sir John Herschel.



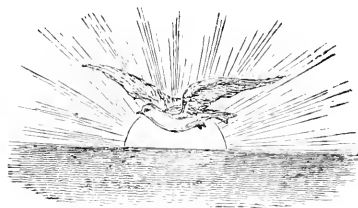
SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

From the German of Salis.

INTO the Silent Land !
Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shatter'd wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection ! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls ! The Future's pledge and band !
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land !

Long fellow.

THE OLD HUSBAND AND THE YOUNG WIFE.

(From "*The School for Scandal*!")

Lady Teazle. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir Peter. Well—then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady Teaz. I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would ; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you ?

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive——

Lady Teaz. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir Pet. Indeed !

Lady Teaz. Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir Pet. Thank you.

Lady Teaz. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir Pet. And you prophesied right ; and we shall now be the happiest couple——

Lady Teaz. And never differ again !

Sir Pet. No, never !—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously ; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

Lady Teaz. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter : indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir Pet. Now see, my angel ! take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady Teaz. Then don't you begin it, my love !

Sir Pet. There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my love, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady Teaz. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear——

Sir Pet. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady Teaz. No, I'm sure I don't: but, if you will be so peevish——

Sir Pet. There now! who begins first?

Lady Teaz. Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir Pet. No, no, madam: the fault's in your own temper.

Lady Teaz. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir Pet. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

Lady Teaz. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir Pet. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

Lady Teaz. So much the better.

Sir Pet. No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighbourhood.

Lady Teaz. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

Sir Pet. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady Teaz. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir Pet. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are, not without grounds——

Lady Teaz. Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir Pet. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as

soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors. Let us separate, madam.

Lady Taz. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know: ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you—so, bye, bye! [*Exit.*]

Sir Pet. Plagues and tortures! can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper. [*Exit.*]

Sheridan.





MORTHAM'S HISTORY.

“**M**ATILDA! thou hast seen me start,
As if a dagger thrill'd my heart,
When it has happ'd some casual phrase
Waked memory of my former days.

Believe that few can backward cast
Their thoughts with pleasure on the past ;
But I !—my youth was rash and vain,
And blood and rage my manhood stain,
And my gray hairs must now descend
To the cold grave without a friend !
Even thou, Matilda, wilt disown
Thy kinsman, when his guilt is known.
And must I lift the bloody veil
That hides my dark and fatal tale !
I must—I will—Pale phantom, cease,
Leave me one little hour in peace !
Thus haunted, think'st thou I have skill
Thine own commission to fulfil ?
Or, while thou point'st with gesture fierce,
Thy blighted cheek, thy bloody hearse,
How can I paint thee as thou wert,
So fair in face, so warm in heart !—

“ Yes, she was fair !—Matilda, thou
Hast a soft sadness on thy brow ;
But hers was like the sunny glow
That laughs on earth and all below !
We wedded secret—there was need—
Differing in country and in creed ;
And when to Mortham's tower she came,
We mention'd not her race nor name,
Until thy sire, who fought afar,
Should turn him home from foreign war,
On whose kind influence we relied
To soothe her father's ire and pride.
Few months we lived retired, unknown,
To all but one dear friend alone,
One darling friend—I spare his shame,
I will not write the villain's name !
My trespasses I might forget,
And sue in vengeance for the debt

Due by a brother worm to me,
Ungrateful to God's clemency,
That spared me penitential time,
Nor cut me off amid my crime.—

“A kindly smile to all she lent,
But on her husband's friend 'twas bent
So kind, that from its harmless glee,
The wretch misconstrued villany.
Repulsed in his presumptuous love,
A vengeful snare the traitor wove.
Alone we sat—the flask had flow'd,
My blood with heat unwonted glow'd,
When through the alley'd walk we spied
With hurried step my Edith glide,
Cowering beneath the verdant screen,
As one unwilling to be seen.
Words cannot paint the fiendish smile
That curl'd the traitor's cheek the while!
Fiercely I question'd of the cause;
He made a cold and artful pause,
Then pray'd it might not chafe my mood—
‘There was a gallant in the wood!’—
We had been shooting at the deer;—
My cross-bow (evil chance!) was near:
That ready weapon of my wrath
I caught, and, hasting up the path,
In the yew grove my wife I found,
A stranger's arms her neck had bound!
I mark'd his heart—the bow I drew—
I loosed the shaft—'twas more than true!
I found my Edith's dying charms
Lock'd in her murdered brother's arms!—
He came in secret to inquire
Her state, and reconcile her sire.—

“All fled my rage—the villain first,
Whose craft my jealousy had nursed;

He sought in far and foreign clime
To 'scape the vengeance of his crime.
The manner of the slaughter done
Was known to few, my guilt to none ;
Some tale my faithful steward framed—
I know not what—of shaft mis-aim'd ;
And even from those the act who knew,
He hid the hand from which it flew.
Untouch'd by human laws I stood,
But God had heard the cry of blood !—
There is a blank upon my mind,
A fearful vision ill-defined,
Of raving till my flesh was torn,
Of dungeon-bolts and fetters worn—
And when I waked to woe more mild,
And question'd of my infant child—
(Have I not written, that she bare
A boy, like summer morning fair?)
With looks confused my menials tell,
That armèd men in Mortham dell
Beset the nurse's evening way,
And bore her, with her charge, away.
My faithless friend, and none but he,
Could profit by this villany ;
Him, then, I sought, with purpose dread
Of treble vengeance on his head !
He 'scaped me—but my bosom's wound
Some faint relief from wandering found ;
And over distant land and sea
I bore my load of misery.

“ 'Twas then that fate my footsteps led
Among a daring crew and dread,
With whom full oft my hated life
I ventured in such desperate strife,
That even my fierce associates saw
My frantic deeds with doubt and awe.

Much then I learn'd, and much can show,
Of human guilt and human woe,
Yet ne'er have, in my wanderings, known
A wretch, whose sorrows match'd my own!
It chanced, that after battle fray,
Upon the bloody field we lay;
The yellow moon her lustre shed
Upon the wounded and the dead,
While, sense and toil in wassail drown'd,
My ruffian comrades slept around.
'There came a voice—its silver tone
Was soft, Matilda, as thine own—
'Ah, wretch!' it said, 'what makest thou here,
While unavenged my bloody bier,
While unprotected lives mine heir,
Without a father's name and care?'

"I heard—obey'd—and homeward drew;
The fiercest of our desperate crew
I brought at time of need to aid
My purposed vengeance, long delay'd.
But, humble be my thanks to Heaven,
That better hopes and thoughts has given,
And by our Lord's dear prayer has taught,
Mercy by mercy must be bought!—
Let me in misery rejoice—
I've seen his face—I've heard his voice—
I claim'd of him my only child—
As he disown'd the theft, he smiled!
That very calm and callous look,
That fiendish sneer his visage took,
As when he said, in scornful mood,
'There is a gallant in the wood!'—
—I did not slay him as he stood—
All praise be to my Maker given!
Long-sufferance is one path to heaven."

Scott.

LABOUR AND RECREATION.

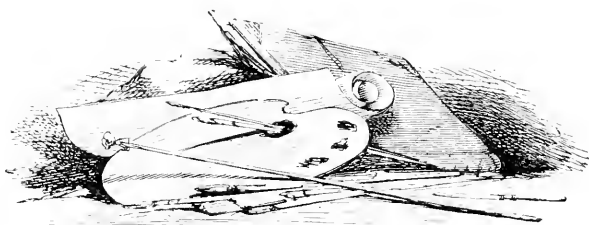
OUR modern system of division of labour divides wits also. The more necessity there is, therefore, for finding in recreation something to expand man's intelligence. There are intellectual pursuits almost as much divided as pin-making; and many a man goes through some intellectual process, for the greater part of his working hours, which corresponds with the making of a pin's-head. Must there not be some danger of a general contraction of mind from this convergence of attention upon something very small, for so considerable a portion of man's life?

I have seen it quoted in Aristotle, that the end of labour is to gain leisure. It is a great saying. We have in modern times a totally wrong view of the matter. Noble work is a noble thing, but not all work. Most people seem to think that any business is in itself something grand; that to be intensely employed, for instance, about something which has no truth, beauty, or usefulness in it, which makes no man happier or wiser, is still the perfection of human endeavour, so that the work be intense. It is the intensity, not the nature of the work, that men praise. You see the extent of this feeling in little things. People are so ashamed of being caught for a moment idle, that if you come upon the most industrious servants or workmen whilst they are standing looking at something which interests them, or fairly resting, they move off in a fright, as if they were proved, by a moment's relaxation, to be neglectful of their work. Yet it is the result that they should mainly be judged by, and to which they should appeal. But amongst all classes, the working itself, incessant working, is the thing deified. Now what is the end and object of most work? To provide for animal wants. Not a contemptible thing, by any means, but still it is not all in all with man. Moreover, in those cases where the pressure of bread-getting is fairly past, we do not often find men's exertions lessened on that account. There enter into their minds as motives, ambition, a love of hoarding, or a fear of leisure, things which, in moderation, may be defended or even justified, but which are not so preemptorily, and upon the face of them excellent, that they at once dignify excessive labour.

The truth is, that to work insatiably requires much less mind than to

work judiciously, and less courage than to refuse work that cannot be done honestly. For a hundred men whose appetite for work can be driven on by vanity, avarice, ambition, or a mistaken notion of advancing their families, there is about one who is desirous of expanding his own nature and the nature of others in all directions, of cultivating many pursuits, of bringing himself and those around him in contact with the universe in many points, of being a man and not a machine.

Arthur Helps.



ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

UNDER the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design to speak of a man born in her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon, that it's doubtful whether the like has happened to any other of the human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure, frequently, to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company, for the space of but one evening, is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy, and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life in fellowship and company. He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place, than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion was a sea-chest, his wearing-clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and other books of devotion; together with pieces that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments. Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals. The island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats, he judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief by finding shell-fish on the shore, than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtle, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflections on his lonely

condition. When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man, during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason and frequent reading the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant cheerful serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He, now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower fanned with continual breezes, and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures.

I forgot to observe, that during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude; the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears: but upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing or breaking the limbs of a man if he approached them. But at that time his spirits and life were so high, that he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable; for observing that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, and he despatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precaution which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and as he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend himself against them, he fed and tamed numbers of young kitlings, who lay about his bed and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats with which he clothed himself, and was inured to pass through woods, bushes and brambles with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him that, running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which under him he fell down a precipice, and lay senseless for the space of three days, the length of which he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hand ; his nights were untroubled and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought if I had not been let into his character and story I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gestures ; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to help and refresh them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him ; familiar discourse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example that he is the happiest who confines his want to natural necessities ; and he that goes further in his desires, increases his want in proportion to his acquisitions ; or to use his own expression, " I am now worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

Steele, (Spectator.)



THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

FROM underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A Damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,

That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep.
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touch'd the silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain,
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seem'd to stand.
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace.
Of finer form, or lovelier face !
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,---
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow ;
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had train'd her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew ;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread :
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—

Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid ;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing ;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast ;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of injury call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the north.
One only passion, unreveal'd,
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—
Oh ! need I tell that passion's name ?

Sir W. Scott.

SHAKESPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

SHAKESPEARE was the man who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it—you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned ; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature ; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike ; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid ; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him ; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

“As the tall cypress towers above the shrubs.”

The consideration of this made Mr Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare ; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

As for Jonson, if we look upon him while he was himself, (for his last plays were but his dotages,) I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him ; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions ; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, espe-

cially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such a height. Humour was his proper sphere ; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them ; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in 'Sejanus' and 'Catiline.' But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch ; and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represented Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially ; perhaps, too, he did a little too much *Romanise* our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them ; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer or father of our dramatic poets : Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing ; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare.

Dryden.





GIPSIES.

YET are they here—the same unbroken knot
 Of human beings, in the self-same spot '
 Men, women, children, yea, the frame
 Of the whole spectacle the same
 Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,
 Now deep and red, the colouring of night,
 That on their gipsy-faces falls,
 Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.
 Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours, are gone while I
 Have been a traveller under open sky,

Much witnessing of change and cheer —
Yet as I left I find them here !
The weary sun betook himself to rest,
Then issued vespers from the fulgent west,
Outshining like a visible god
The glorious path in which he trod.
And now, ascending, after one dark hour,
And one night's diminution of her power,
Behold the mighty moon ! this way
She looks as if at them—but they
Regard not her. Oh, better wrong and strife,
Better vain deeds, or evil, than such life!
The silent heavens have goings-on ;
The stars have tasks—but these have none !

Wordsworth.



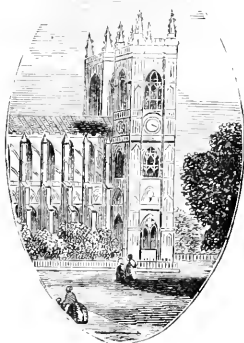
AN ANTIQUARY

IS one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future ; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra. He is an old frippery philosopher, that has so strange a natural affection to worm-eaten speculation, that it is apparent he has a worm in his skull. He honours his forefathers and foremothers, but condemns his parents as too modern and no better than upstarts. He neglects himself because he was born in his own time, and so far off antiquity, which he so much admires ; and repines, like a younger brother, because he came so late into the world. He spends the one half of his time in collecting old, insignificant trifles, and the other in showing them, which he takes singular delight in, because the oftener he does it the further they are from being new to him. All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments, these he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity and the good services they have done. He throws away his time in inquiring after that which is past and gone so many ages since, like one that shoots away an arrow to find out another that was lost before. He fetches things out of dust and ruins, like the fable of the chemical plant raised out of its own ashes. He values one old invention that is lost and never to be recovered, before all the new ones in the world though never so useful. The whole business of his life is the same with his that shows the tombs at Westminster, only the one does it for his pleasure and the other for money. As every man has but one father, but two grandfathers, and a world of ancestors, so he has a proportional value for things that are ancient, and the farther off the greater.

He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world, and ever since his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has

so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may truly "say to dust and worms, You are my father, and to rottenness, Thou art my mother." He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He had rather interpret one obscure word in any old, senseless discourse than be author of the most ingenious new one; and, with Scaliger, would sell the empire of Germany (if it were in his power) for an old song. He devours an old manuscript with greater relish than worms and moths do, and, though there be nothing in it, values it above anything printed, which he accounts but a novelty. When he happens to cure a small botch in an old author, he is as proud of it as if he had got the philosopher's stone and could cure all the diseases of mankind. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have out-lived themselves and are long since out of use, as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

Butler.



WEARINESS.

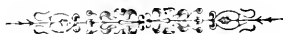
O LITTLE feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toil'd among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine that has so long glow'd and burn'd,
With passions into ashes turn'd,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

Longfellow.



THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE NILE AND THE DESERT.

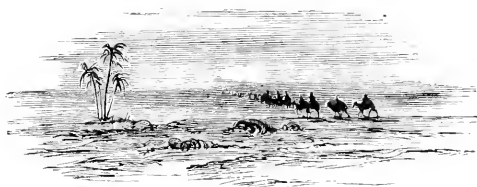
NOWHERE is the original constitution of the earth so strikingly influential on the character of its inhabitants as in Egypt. There, everything depends—life itself and all that it includes—on the state of the unintermitting conflict between the Nile and the Desert. The world has seen many struggles ; but no other so pertinacious, so perdurable, and so sublime as the conflict of these two great powers. The Nile, ever young, because perpetually renewing its youth, appears to the inexperienced eye to have no chance, with its stripling force, against the great old Goliath, the Desert, whose might has never relaxed, from the earliest days till now ; but the giant has not conquered yet. Now and then he has prevailed for a season, and the tremblers whose destiny hung on the event have cried out that all was over ; but he has once more been driven back, and Nilus has risen up again, to do what we see him doing in the sculptures—bind up his water plants about the throne of Egypt. . . .

From the beginning, the people of Egypt have had everything to hope from the river, nothing from the desert ; much to fear from the desert, and little from the river. What their fear may reasonably be, any one may know who looks upon a hillocky expanse of sand, where the little jerboa burrows, and the hyena prowls at night. Under these hillocks lie temples and palaces, and under the level sands a whole city. The enemy has come in from behind, and stifled and buried it. What is the hope of the people from the river, any one may witness, who, at the regular season, sees the people grouped on the eminences, watching the advancing waters, and listening for the voice of the crier or the boom of the cannon, which is to tell the prospect or event of the inundation of the year. Who can estimate the effect on a nation's mind and character, of a perpetual vigilance against the desert, (see what it is in Holland of a similar vigilance against the sea.) and of an annual mood of hope in regard to the Nile ? Who cannot see what a stimulating and enlivening influence this periodical anxiety and relief must exercise on the character of a nation ? And then, there is the effect on their ideas. The Nile was naturally deified by the old inhabitants. It was a god to the mass, and at least one of the manifestations of deity

to the priestly class. As it was the immediate cause of all they had, and all they hoped for—the creative power regularly at work before their eyes, usually conquering, though occasionally checked, it was to them the good power ; and the desert was the evil one. Hence came a main part of their faith, embodied in the allegory of the burial of Osiris in the sacred stream, whence he rose, once a year, to scatter blessings over the earth. Then, the structure of their country originated or modified their ideas of death and life. As to the disposal of their dead, they could not dream of consigning their dead to the waters which were too sacred to receive any meaner body than the incorruptible one of Osiris ; nor must any other be placed within reach of its waters, or in the way of the pure production of the valley. There were the boundary rocks, with the limits afforded by their caves. These became sacred to the dead. After the accumulation of a few generations of corpses, it became clear how much more extensive was the world of the dead than that of the living ; and as the proportion of the living to the dead became, before men's eyes, smaller and smaller, the state of the dead became a subject of proportionate importance to them, till their faith and practice grew into what we see them in the records of the temples and tombs—engrossed with the idea of death, and in preparation for it. The unseen world became all in all to them ; and the visible world and present life of little more importance than as the necessary introduction to the higher and greater. The imagery before their eyes perpetually sustained these modes of thought. Everywhere they had in presence the symbols of the worlds of death and life ; the limited scene of production, activity and change ;—the valley with its verdure, its floods, and its busy multitudes, who were all incessantly passing away to be succeeded by their like ; while as a boundary to this scene of life, lay the region of death, to their view unlimited, and everlastingly silent to the human ear. Their imagery of death was wholly suggested by the scenery of their abode. Our reception of this is much injured by our having been familiarised with it first through the ignorant and vulgarised Greek adoption of it, in their imagery of Charon, Styx, Cerberus, and Radamanthus : but if we can forget these, and look upon the older records with fresh eyes, it is inexpressibly interesting to contemplate the symbolical representations of death by the oldest of the Egyptians, before Greek or Persian was heard of in the world ; the passage of the dead across the river or lake of the valley, attended by the con-

ductor of souls, the god Anubis ; the formidable dog, the guardian of the mansion of Osiris, (or the divine abode ;) the balance in which the heart or deeds of the deceased are weighed against the symbol of integrity ; the infant Harpocrates—the emblem of a new life seated before the throne of the judge ; the range of assessors who are to pronounce on the life of the being come up to judgment ; and finally the judge himself, whose suspended sceptre is to give the sign of acceptance—or condemnation. Here the deceased has crossed the living valley and river ; and in the caves of the death region where the howl of the wild dog is heard by night, is this process of judgment going forward : and none but those who have seen the contrasts of the region with their own eyes, none who have received the idea through the borrowed imagery of the Greeks, or the traditions of any other people, can have any adequate notion how the mortuary ideas of the primitive Egyptians, and through them, of the civilised world at large, have been originated by the everlasting conflict of the Nile and the Desert.

Harriet Martineau.





LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure,
But the least motion which they made,
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from Heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man !

Wordsworth.





THE LOST SHEPHERD.

THE snows arise, and foul and fierce
All Winter drives along the darken'd air.
In his own loose-revolving fields the swain
Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,

Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray—
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul
With black despair ! what horror fills his heart !
When, for the dusky spot which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage, rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast.
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man—
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !

Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes : shuts up sense
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corse—
Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast.

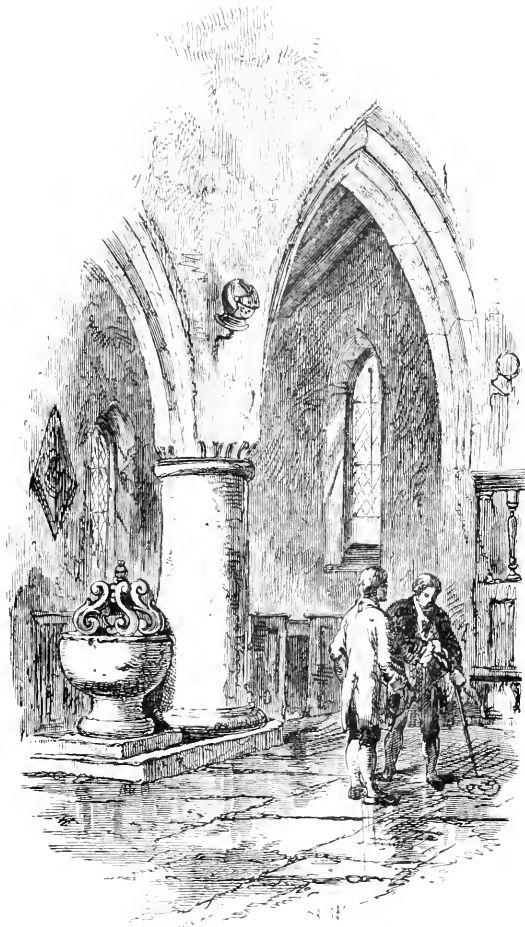
Thomson.



A CHILD.

A CHILD is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple ; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper, unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come, by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and 'tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young pretence the first day, and is not come to the task of melancholy. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ : and he is the best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest ; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath outlived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God ; and like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse : the one imitates his pureness, the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another. *Earle.*



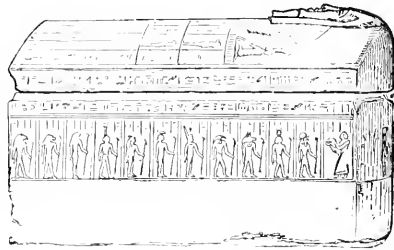


ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

MORTALITY, behold and fear,
What a change of flesh is here !
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones ;

Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands ;
Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
They preach, " In greatness is no trust."
Here 's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royallest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin :
Here the bones of birth have cried,
" Though gods they were, as men they died !"
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings :
Here 's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

Beaumont.



OF BOOKS.

SOLOMON saith truly, "Of making many books there is no end," so insatiable is the thirst of men therein : as also endless is the desire of many in reading them. But we come to our rules,—

1. *It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library.*—As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armoury. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them, built merely for uniformity, are without chimneys, and more without fires. Once a dunce, void of learning, but full of books, flouted a libraryless scholar with these words, "Hail, doctor without books!" But the next day, the scholar coming into the jeerer's study crowded with books, "Hail books," said he, "without a doctor!"

2. *Few books, well selected, are best.*—Yet as a certain fool bought all the pictures that came out, because he might have his choice, such is the vain humour of many men in gathering of books. Yet, when they have done all, they miss their end ; it being in the editions of authors as in the fashions of clothes,—when a man thinks he has gotten the latest and newest, presently another newer comes out.

3. *Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of.*—Namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over ; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions ; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look *on* them, you look *through* them ; and he that peeps through the casement of the index, sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city-cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

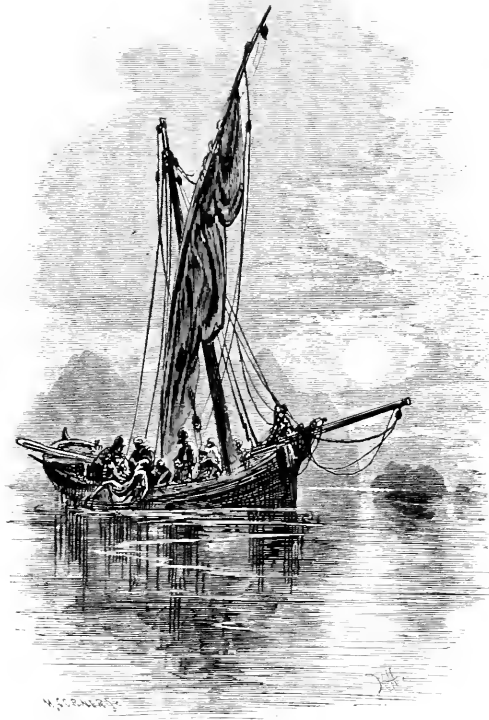
4. *The genius of the author is commonly discovered in the dedicatory epistle.*—Many place the purest grain in the mouth of the sack, for chapmen to handle or buy ; and from the dedication one may probably guess at the work, saving some rare and peculiar exceptions. Thus, when once a

gentleman admired how so pithy, learned, and witty a dedication was matched to a flat, dull, foolish book : "in truth," said another, "they may be well matched together, for I profess they be nothing akin."

5. *Proportion an hour's meditation to an hour's reading of a staple author.*
—This makes a man master of his learning, and dispirits the book into the scholar.

Fuller.





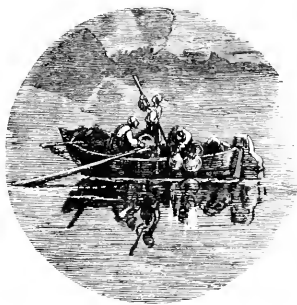
“THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.”

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee ;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :

When, as if its sound were causing
The charmèd ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep ;
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep.
So the spirit bows before thee.
To listen and adore thee ;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Byron.



THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me, all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Charles Lamb.



Crawford & McCabe, Printers, 15 Queen Street, Edinburgh.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 06561 396 8

